

News and a Photo from Home for E.R.A. John Marland

WITH your happy home you obviously wouldn't require any special enticement to attract you to 18 Ridgeway, Leavesden, Watford, E.R.A. John Marland, but nevertheless there is a treat awaiting you.

It is a generous slice of your sister's wedding cake. . . . Yes, she married Owen, and if things run as they are now, they will live happily ever after.

Your mother and father are both well and very busy. Father finds it difficult to get labour, and is taking on a lion's share of the work himself.

Your mother, in addition to her work with her association, is hoping to go back to nursing in the near future.

Remember Soaky? Your mother told me about the vic-tual-ling-up party you had with him at Algiers. That's a favourite tale of the family now. They even remember that you saw a five-year-old film.

George Cook seems to do pretty well for leave and often calls at your home. No doubt he looks in at the "Hare" and



the "Crown," too. Do those names bring back memories?

So you like blondes? Your mother showed us the sister to your W.R.N.S. doll mascot, Veronica, we believe. Most appropriate.

Briefly, everyone at home is fighting fit, and all are looking forward to seeing you again soon.

And more news from the Home Town

QUAINT CHURCH.

ONE of the quaintest churches in Cornwall is the Methodist Church at Marshgate, near Callington.

It was once a couple of cottages, and the pulpit stands where the fireplace used to be.

The other day, when they held their harvest festival at Marshgate, the church was so full that the gallery, only occupied on special occasions, was used.

It is reached by means of an ordinary ladder, which is taken away during the service, and brought back at the end to release the "prisoners" aloft.

89—NOT OUT.

KNOW Netpool Inn, St. Dogmaels? Then you know "Dai" Thomas, father of Welsh mine-hosts. Dai is 89, and still giving a "long pull" in the bar.

"Aye," he said, on his birthday, "not so young as I was, maybe, but I can still run the inn and do a spot of work besides. Contentment, plain food, and an occasional glass—that's my recipe."

For over sixty years he has been a licensee. And Dai has a strange accomplishment for a publican. He is an authority on the Calvinistic Methodist cause. He was precursor for many years at Capel Seion, and conducted the singing with the aid of a pitch-fork made by the local blacksmith.

SCOTS CAN'T LOSE.

IN a field that has been in constant cultivation a gold ring has just been found which was

lost in the field thirty years ago.

When he was a youth, Mr. David Young, Blinkbonny Farm, Arncroach, East Fife, helped his aunt in an unsuccessful search for her wedding ring, which dropped from her finger when she was picking up sheaves of corn.

Last week, while harvesting, Mr. Young saw the sun glint on a small object—and he picked up the long-lost ring.

FEELING THE PINCH.

AT a meeting of the Durham County Public Assistance Committee recently it was decided to "write off" as a complete loss one baby's feeding-bottle.

It was learned that a Jack-daw had broken it when he got into High Spenn Junior School some while ago. He spilled more than a bibful.

POT-LUCK.

LIEUT. G. A. R. MALET, R.N.R., of Petersfield, Hants, bought from an Arab in Algiers a flower-pot in which, he was assured, would grow—according to the will of Allah—a small cactus.

After a few weeks a green leaf appeared—but it was that of a four-leaved clover. "I have hunted all over the British Isles for a lucky four-leaved clover," said Lieut. Malet. "I come to Africa, buy a cactus plant, and, behold, my long-sought clover—surely a lucky omen."

In the fulness of time another green shoot appeared—and the promised cactus grew, and now flourishes.

Stuart Martin says it was A GRAY DAWN and MURDER stalked the street

This Week's Unsolved Crime

MIDNIGHT.

A few lamps were burning in a street in Camden Town. A carman, making his way home along that street, heard a front gate click. He turned and saw a man leave a house some distance off; but he did not, or could not, distinguish the number of the house. There was no reason why he should bother. The carman went home.

Silence in the street until the public clocks struck one o'clock.

Then two o'clock.

Then three o'clock.

Then four o'clock. And five.

At six, London was stirring again to the life of the new day. The life of the new day. But between four and six o'clock in that gray dawn, according to a doctor, a young woman was done to death. No more stirring to life for her.

Her name was Emily Dimmock, but she went under the name of Mrs. B. Shaw. She had been living for nine months with a man so named, who was a railway worker, in lodgings in St. Paul's Road.

Shaw was aware that Emily Dimmock had been a street walker in Euston Road, but he believed she had given up that life. His work took him away from home every night, and on this morning—Thursday, 12th September, 1907—his mother came down from Northampton to meet "the young wife." She met a corpse.

The bedroom in which Emily Dimmock had been slain had been ransacked. The girl's throat was cut. On a sewing-machine in the sitting-room lay an album, partly open, and a number of cards taken from the album were scattered on the floor.

A gold watch, a silver cigarette case, a chain and a purse were missing. They were never traced.

It was Dr. John Thompson, police surgeon, who examined the body, and gave it as his opinion that death had been dealt to that girl between four and six o'clock.

That evening, a ship's cook named Roberts walked into Somers Town police station, having heard of the murder—it was broadcast by the newspapers—and made a statement.

He said that he had met Emily Dimmock in the bar of the Rising Sun public-house, Camden Town, on the previous Sunday night. He had gone to her home and spent that night, and the two following nights, with her. He left on the Wednesday morning because, she told him, she was to have a visitor that day; but before he left the postman dropped a letter through the box, and Emily Dimmock showed it to him. Here are the contents of that letter:—

Dear Phillis,—Will you please meet me at the Eagle, Camden Town, 8.30 to-night, Wednesday.—Bert.

The letter, said Roberts, was written in indelible pencil. While he was reading it, Emily Dimmock took a picture-postcard from a drawer and showed him this also. On this postcard was the following message:—

Phillis darling,—If it pleases you, meet me 8.15 p.m. at the (here there was a sketch of a rising sun).—

Roberts said that the message on the postcard was also written in indelible pencil. He gave the police all this information so that he himself might be cleared of any connection with the murder. The police appreciated his story.

They wanted to check up on it, so they went back to search Dimmock's lodgings for the postcard. They could not find it then; and it was a fortnight before they did find it—under

a newspaper lining a drawer in the bedroom.

More investigations ended in the arrest of a designer in a glass-works, Robert Wood. He was charged with the murder of Emily Dimmock.

How that arrest came about is soon explained. The writing on the picture-postcard was published, and identified as that of Robert Wood by Ruby Young, an artists' model, who was one of Wood's friends.

It was also identified as Wood's writing by Mr. Tinkham, a foreman in the glass-works where Wood was employed.

To Mr. Tinkham an admission was made by Wood that it was his postcard, but he asked Mr. Tinkham to keep quiet on the matter. Wood also approached Ruby Young with the remark, "Ruby, I'm in trouble," and asked her to say, if questioned, that she was with him all the evening on September 11th. He told her (as he had told Mr. Tinkham) that he had met Emily Dimmock casually in the pub. A boy had come in offering postcards for sale, but he (Wood) had advised Emily not to buy any, "as they were common," and he had taken a postcard from his pocket and showed it to her.

To this Dimmock had answered, "That's a pretty one. Send it to me and write something nice on it." She had asked him to sign it "Alice" because "the governor" (Shaw) might "cut up rough" otherwise.

That was Wood's story. But Ruby Young advised him to go to the police with it. Wood replied that he was out alone on the Wednesday night and had no one to prove his whereabouts. Ruby Young agreed to help him, but meanwhile she sought a friend's advice. The friend talked. And so Wood was arrested.

When in custody he made a voluntary statement, to the effect that he had first met Emily Dimmock on September 3rd and had seen her last on September 9th. The only communication he had written to her was the postcard.

At his trial the police produced four witnesses to say that Wood's association with Dimmock had lasted for months; and their main support of the charge was on the carman who saw somebody leave that house in St. Paul's Road about midnight. This carman identified Wood as the man at an identification parade by his walk.

Defending Wood was Sir (then Mr.) Marshall Hall. When the police put in a plan of St. Paul's Road to support the carman's statement, the plan showed the road brilliantly lit. But Mr. Marshall Hall had obtained from St. Pancras Town Hall a plan which proved that, owing to roadwork in progress, some lamps in the



street were not lit at all on the fatal night, and the others had been extinguished at 4.37 a.m. So that blotted out the police theory.

Wood went into the witness-box to support his defence. This was the first instance of an alleged murderer giving evidence on his own behalf under the Criminal Evidence Act. And Wood had a good alibi.

His father and his brother swore that he came home that Wednesday night at midnight. A neighbour, who occupied the basement beneath Wood's home, corroborated. This neighbour had been out gathering worms for fishing and had come home at the same time.

Mr. Marshall Hall produced, also, two men who knew Emily Dimmock and had met her at midnight when she was walking homewards with a tall, well-built man, head and shoulders taller than Wood. Both these men had lifted their hats to her as they passed.

The trial lasted six days, and in his summing-up Mr. Justice Grantham told the jury: "I do not think the evidence is sufficient to justify you bringing in a verdict of Guilty."

It took the jury seventeen minutes to tell the world they considered Robert Wood was Not Guilty.

Seldom have there been such scenes in public after a trial for murder. Cheering crowds blocked the street. Wood's father made a speech to the mob from a tea-shop where he and his son had taken refuge. Theatre performances in London were interrupted for the verdict to be announced.

Mrs. Beerbohm Tree (as she then was) rushed on to a stage to tell the audience and relate her own reactions of being at the court all day. The verdict was very popular.

But it was a narrow escape for Robert Wood. I have written about Emily Dimmock's murder because it bears its own lessons and its own warnings to-day, as ever. Since Wood was innocent, every indication points to the murderer being that tall, well-built man with whom she was seen at midnight by two witnesses who knew her.

Who he was we shall never now know, but what was his motive can be guessed fairly accurately. It was not robbery, even though he took with him those trinkets which were never traced. For if it had been robbery there would have been an attempt to capitalise the articles.

Jealousy! That, I believe, was the mainspring that started the crime. He may have kept the stolen articles—that was probably the reason they were never traced. Why did he keep them? He may have given them, or some of them, to her. And when he ransacked that bedroom and that album he was obviously looking for further links with her—links he found and took away, too.

Who knows what recriminations, what mental crisis, reached its apex in that room? For it is not uncommon that a girl of that description meets a man who is attracted to her without completely base motives. And then the agony begins, and violence finishes the story.

This pitiful, unfaithful girl of the streets caused the wrong man to be tried for his life. The tall, well-built man loved, and hated, her enough to kill her.



Damn fool, risking his neck like that!

"I have put my neck in the Halter"

The Tale of The Body-snatcher
By R. L. Stevenson

THE next few seconds were for Fettes an agony of thought; but in balancing his terrors it was the most immediate that triumphed. Any future difficulty seemed almost welcome if he could avoid a present quarrel with Macfarlane. He set down the candle which he had been carrying all this time, and with a steady hand entered the date, the nature, and the amount of the transaction of the corpse.

"And now," said Macfarlane, "it's only fair that you should pocket the lucre. I've had my share already. By-the-by, when a man of the world falls into a bit of luck, has a few extra shillings in his pocket—I'm ashamed to speak of it, but there's a rule of conduct in the case. No treating, no purchase of expensive class-books, no squaring of old debts; borrow, don't lend."

"Macfarlane," began Fettes, still somewhat hoarsely, "I have put my neck in a halter to oblige you."

"To oblige me?" cried Wolfe. "Oh, come! You did, as near as I can see the matter, what you downright had to do in self-defence. Suppose I got into trouble, where would you be? This second little matter flows clearly from the first. Mr. Gray is the continuation of Miss Galbraith. You can't begin and then stop. If you begin, you must keep on beginning; that's the truth. No rest for the wicked."

A horrible sense of blackness and the treachery of fate, seized hold upon the soul of the unhappy student.

"My God!" he cried, "but what have I done? And when did I begin? To be made a class assistant—in the name of reason, where's the harm in that? Service wanted the position; Service might have got it. Would he have been where I am now?"

"My dear fellow," said Macfarlane, "what a boy you are! What harm has come to you? What harm can come to you if you hold your tongue? Why, man, do you know what this life is? There are two squads of us—the lions and the lambs. If you're a lamb, you'll come to lie upon these tables like Gray or Jane Galbraith; if you're a lion, you'll live and drive a horse like me, like K., like all the world with any wit or courage. You're staggered at the first. But look at K.! My dear fellow, you're clever, you have pluck. I like you, and K. likes you. You were born to lead the hunt; and I tell you, on my honour and my ex-

perience of life, three days from now you'll laugh at all these scarecrows like a High School boy at a farce."

And with that Macfarlane took his departure and drove off up the wynd in his gig to get under cover before daylight. Fettes was thus left alone with his regrets. He saw the miserable peril in which he stood involved.

He saw, with inexpressible dismay, that there was no limit to his weakness, and that, from concession to concession, he had fallen from the arbiters of Macfarlane's destiny to his paid and helpless accomplice. He would have given the world to have been a little braver at the time, but it did not occur to him that he might still be brave. The secret of Jane Galbraith and the cursed entry in the day-book closed his mouth.

Hours passed; the class began to arrive; the members of the unhappy Gray were dealt out to one and to another, and received without remark. Richardson was made happy with the head; and before the hour of freedom rang Fettes trembled with exultation to perceive how far they had already gone toward safety.

For two days he continued to watch, with increasing joy, the dreadful process of disguise.

On the third day Macfarlane made his appearance. He had been ill, he said; but he made up for lost time by the energy with which he directed the students. To Richardson in particular he extended the most valuable assistance and advice, and that student, encouraged by the praise of the demonstrator, burned high with ambitious hopes, and saw the medal already in his grasp.

Before the week was out Macfarlane's prophecy had been fulfilled. Fettes had outlived his terrors and had forgotten his baseness. He began to plume himself upon his courage, and had so arranged the story in his mind that he could look back on these events with an unhealthy pride. Of his accomplice he saw but little. They met, of course, in the business of the class; they received their orders together from Mr. K. At times they had a word or two in private, and Macfarlane was from first to last particularly kind and jovial. But it was plain that he avoided any reference to their common secret; and even when Fettes whispered to him that he had cast in his lot with the lions and forsworn the lambs, he only signed to him smilingly to hold his peace.

At length an occasion arose which threw the pair once

more into a closer union. Mr. K. was again short of "subjects"; pupils were eager, and it was a part of this teacher's pretensions to be always well supplied. At the same time there came the news of burial in the rustic graveyard of Glenconce.

Time has little changed the place in question. It stood then, as now, upon a cross-road, out of call of human habitations, and buried fathom deep in the foliage of six cedar trees. The cries of the sheep upon the neighbouring hills, the streamlets upon either hand, one loudly singing among pebbles, the other dripping furtively from pond to pond, the stir of the wind in mountainous old flowering chestnuts, and once in seven days the voice of the bell and the old tunes of the preceptor were the only sounds that disturbed the silence around the rural church.

The "Resurrection Man" was not to be deterred by any of the sanctities of customary piety. It was part of his trade to despoil and desecrate the scrolls and trumpets of old tombs, the paths worn by the feet of worshippers and mourners, and the offerings and the inscriptions of bereaved affection. To rustic neighbourhoods, where love is more than commonly tenacious, and where some bonds of blood or fellowship unite the entire society of a parish, the body-snatcher, far from being repelled by natural respect, was attracted by the ease and safety of the task.

To bodies that had been laid in earth, in joyful expectation of a far different awakening, there came that hasty, lamp-lit, terror-haunted resurrection of the spade and mattock. The coffin was forced, the cerements torn, and the melancholy relics, clad in sackcloth, after being rattled for hours on moonless byways, were at length exposed to uttermost indignities before a class of gaping boys.

Somewhat as two vultures may swoop upon a dying lamb, Fettes and Macfarlane were to be let loose upon a grave in that green and quiet resting-place. The wife of a farmer, a woman who had lived for sixty years, and been known for nothing but good butter and a godly conversation, was to be rooted from her grave at midnight and carried, dead and naked, to that far-away city that she had always honoured with her Sunday's best; the place beside her family was to be empty till the crack of doom; her innocent and almost venerable members to be exposed to that last curiosity of the anatomist.

(To be continued)

QUIZ for today

1. A garnishee is an Indian native, a sprig of parsley, a law term, a folk dance, a Spanish bullfighter?
2. Who wrote (a) Two Little Wooden Shoes, (b) Under Two Flags?
3. Which of these is an intruder and why? — Hard Times, Oliver Twist, Hard Cash, Bleak House, Barnaby Rudge.
4. How many Christmas Islands are there, and where are they?
5. Who said "It is a wise father that knows his own child"?
6. What is the highest mountain in New Zealand?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Installation, Malefactor, Pibroch, Succour, Desiccate.
8. What does a gallon of water weigh?
9. Who is the Patron Saint of lovers?
10. What is the highest altitude at which birds have been observed?
11. Midsummer Day falls on 12th June, 15th June, 21st June, 25th June, 30th June?
12. Complete the pairs (a) Cash and —, (b) Rod and —.

ALLIED PORTS

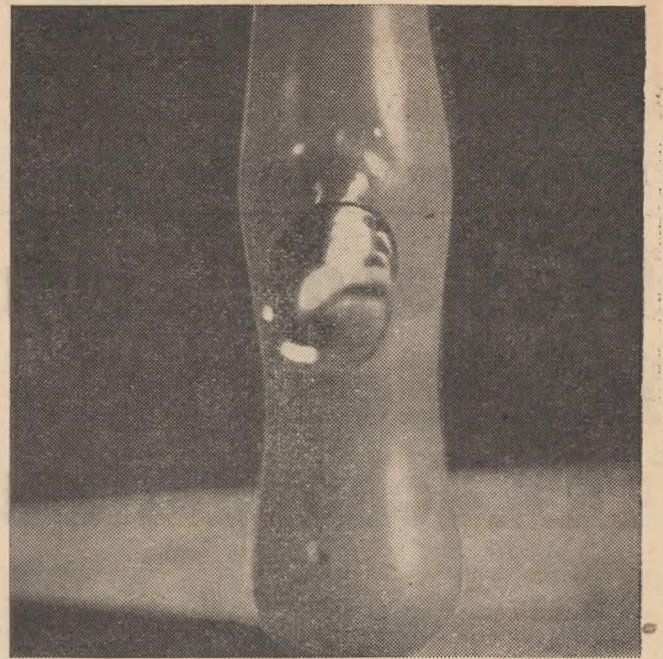
Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clue to its letters.

- My first is in BAKER, not ECLAIRS.
My second's in FRUITERER, not in PEARS.
My third is in TAILOR, not in SEAM.
My fourth is in MILKMAN, not in CREAM.
My fifth is in BANKER, not in DOLLARS.
My sixth is in LAUNDRY, not in COLLARS.
My seventh's in FISH-SHOP, not in SALMON.
My eighth is in GROCER, not in GAMMON.
My ninth is in GARAGE, not in PLUGS.
My tenth is in HARDWARE, not in MUGS.

(Answer on Page 3)

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 189: Tiles of Roof.

WANGLING WORDS—145

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CONNOIT, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of I SELL MARES, to make a French port.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BOIL into BAKE, SHOT into GUNS, BONE into MEAL, COLD into GRUB.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from MISUNDERSTOOD?

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

- (a) SEVERAL SOLD ICE.
- (b) MOVES THE NOUN.

(Answers on Page 3.)

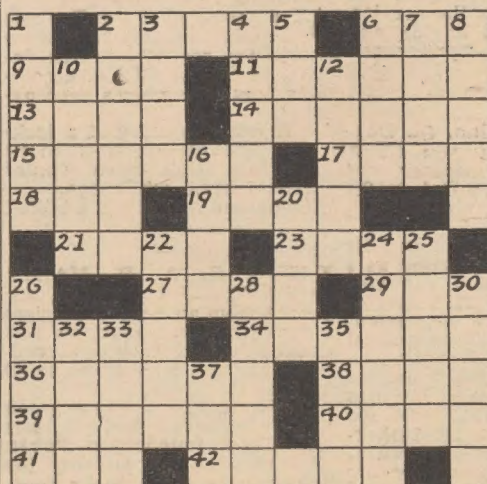
Answers to Wangling Words—No. 144

1. SEISE (also spelt seize).
2. CREDITON.
3. SALT, SALE, SANE, DANE, DUNE, JUNE, JUNK, BULL, BELL, BELT, BEST, BUST, RUST, RUSH, BUSH, RUBY, RUBS, RIBS, RIPS, LIPS.
4. Coin, Coat, Coon, Soon, Also, Tail, Loon, Soil, Lain, Nail, Lion, Loin, Coot, Tool, Loot, Last, Toil, Oils, Silo, Slot, Tons, Slat, Colt, etc.
5. Satin, Solan, Saint, Stain, Slain, Latin, Toils, Loots, Tools, Scant, Altos, Snail, Coats, Talon, Colon, Coast, etc.

Answers to Quiz in No. 189

1. Inlaid woodwork.
2. (a) Suppé, (b) Oliver Wendell Holmes.
3. Frying-pan (Lev. VIII, 9); Kettle (I Sam. II 14).
4. "Over the Rainbow."
5. Mr. Peter Fraser.
6. Jason.
7. Palatable, Ramification.
8. Deanna Durbin.
9. London, England.
10. Lenin.
11. January 6th.
12. (a) Moon and stars, (b) Skip and jump.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Ruminants.
- 6 College tutor.
- 9 Formerly Persia.
- 11 Street island.
- 13 Fold up.
- 14 Made amends.
- 15 Ragged at edge.
- 17 Unwanted plant.
- 18 Hang sideways.
- 19 Loyal.
- 21 Lower.
- 23 Acustomed.
- 27 Marquis.
- 29 Cut off.
- 31 Remained.
- 34 Mellow.
- 36 Exact retribution for.
- 38 Mine entrance.
- 39 Not so cool.
- 40 Others.
- 41 Thickness.
- 42 Specimens.

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

SPACE HAPPY
IRREGULAR
CABAL TULIP
ANON H MADE
SOU AIM TEA
U RECLUSE S
IF LEDGE PA
SAGA A ROAN
TRITE AUDIT
CLERGYMEN
ZED ROE STY

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Slight quarrels.
- 2 Car shelter.
- 3 Exclusively.
- 4 Barter.
- 5 Collection.
- 6 Sandy mound.
- 7 S-curve.
- 8 Colloquial moke.
- 10 Countrified.
- 12 Poultry.
- 16 Instead.
- 20 Subtle emanation.
- 22 Use.
- 24 Dodges.
- 25 Girl's name.
- 26 Overwhelm.
- 28 Polishing mineral.
- 30 Unimportant.
- 32 Bad.
- 33 Depend.
- 35 Gross minus net.
- 37 Procure.

JANE



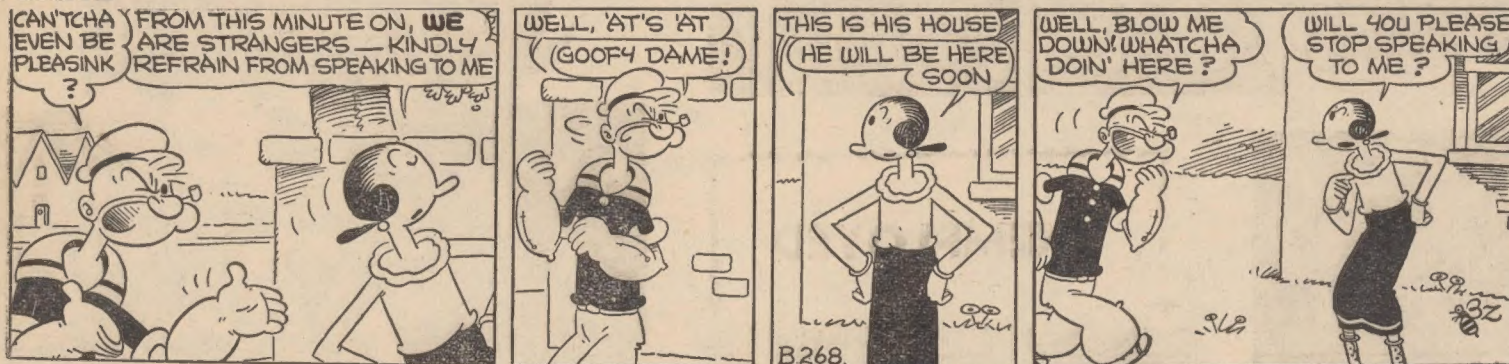
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



BE YOUR OWN BRAINS TRUST

By J. S. Newcombe

These Questions Test Your Knowledge About X-rays.

- Can you answer "Yes" or "No"?
1. Did an Englishman discover X-rays?
 2. Can X-rays penetrate metal?
 3. Are they visible to the human eye?
 4. Is it known what X-rays really are?
 5. Can X-rays find the pearls in oysters?

If you've broken a limb some time, or swallowed a penknife, you have probably been X-rayed. And it is likely you got a glimpse of the negative.

Dark patches mean bones. Muscles appear as lighter patches. The thinner portions of the flesh are seen as shadowy tracts. The extent of the injury or position of the penknife is clearly shown.

With the knowledge given by this reconnaissance the surgeon can start work.

A great stir was caused in 1895 when it was announced to the world that Professor Röntgen, of Würzburg, in Bavaria (answer to Question 1) had taken photographs of living persons' insides and penetrated metal (answer to Question 2) with a new kind of ray.

Quite naturally, people jumped to the conclusion that he had taken these photographs with a camera. But Röntgen used neither camera nor lens.

He placed the object to be photographed between an electrically-lit glass tube and a sensitised plate. Various parts of the object offered varying resistance to the rays, so that the plate was affected unequally. After exposure, the negative was developed in the usual way.

SEEING BONES AND BULLETS.

So quickly was the value of X-ray to doctors recognised that, four days after the discovery was known in America, X-rays were successfully used to locate a bullet embedded in the calf of a patient's leg.

In Paris it was used to diagnose a diseased hip bone.

The German Minister of War saw its possibilities in military surgery, and encouraged Röntgen to develop his ideas.

By the end of February, 1896, X-rays were in general use.

All the credit for this discovery does not go to Professor Röntgen. Sir William Crookes reduced the internal pressure of a vacuum tube to a one hundred thousandth part of the atmosphere. He found that a luminous glow streamed from the cathode, or negative pole, in a straight line.

This stream heated and made phosphorescent anything that it met. Crookes considered that the glow was composed of "radiant matter." Further experiments revealed the surprising fact that the shaft of cathode rays could be deflected by a magnet from their course and that they affected a photographic plate exposed to them.

It was Röntgen's great discovery that the rays from a Crookes' tube, after traversing the glass, could pierce opaque matter.

He tried covering the tube with cardboard. It still cast the shadows of books, metal, human limbs, or other object, on to the photographic plate, though the negative was placed some distance away.

IN OUTLINE.

He crowned his experiments by showing that a skeleton could be "shadowgraphed" while its owner was still alive.

Having been told what the rays could do, people asked what they were. Röntgen couldn't identify them. So he resorted to the algebraic symbol of the unknown quantity and called them X-rays. And that answers Question 4.

He learned that the rays travelled in straight lines only. The magnet exerted no power over them. This last fact alone showed that X-rays were not the same thing as Crookes' radiant matter.

Röntgen suspected they might be cathode rays which had undergone some change by their passage through the glass of the tube. Under ordinary conditions—thus he answered Question 3—they were invisible to the human eye.

One of the most widely held theories about X-rays is that X represents the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. These are caused by vibrations of such extreme rapidity as to be imperceptible to the human eye, just as sounds of extremely high pitch are inaudible to the ear.

This idea is supported by the photographic plate, which is not affected by colours at the red end of the spectrum, but is sensitive to those at the violet end.

SILENT DETECTIVES.

But the rays are put to a thousand other uses. They will detect the pearls in pearl oysters, so the answer to Question 5 is "Yes"; they distinguish between real and artificial gems; discover the contents of postal parcels; and reveal explosives and contraband in baggage.

Professor Röntgen was awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics in 1901.

Answers to Mixed Doubles.
(a) REVEAL & DISCLOSE.
(b) SMOOTH & UNEVEN.

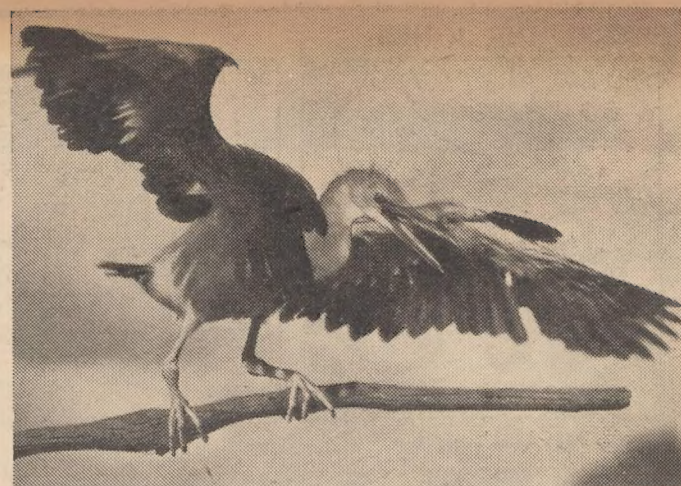
Solution to Allied Ports.
BIRKENHEAD.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

old-fashioned cottages by the stream at Castle Combe, Wiltshire.



A White Faced Heron takes off for its first flight. Maybe that's why it IS white-faced, who knows.



Warner Bros. star, Rosemary Lane, takes up archery. Steady Rosemary, that heron is already scared stiff.

UNEMPLOYED



"Can any of you chaps tell me when it's Bank Holiday, I'm fed up with being out of a job."



"Coo-er. How fascinating. What can it be?"
"Afraid we can't help you child. You're looking right off the page."



Quite obviously the inside of a submarine doesn't mean a thing to these animals. You would think they'd be less contemptuous about it though, wouldn't you?

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"I'll wake 'em.
R-A-T-S!"

